K (J.) the Poet.

# GAY'S FABLES

## Epitomiz'd;

With

## SHORT POEMS

Applicable to each Occasion,

EXTRACTED

from the most Celebrated

## Moralists

Antient and Modern,

for the

## Use of Schools.

LONDON.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To My very

*Affectionate and much respected*

**Friend,**

*Mrs Mary Lomax,*

Widow and Relict of CALEB LOMAX *Esqr* decd.

*These Miscellaneous Amusements*

are humbly dedicated,

*by her most faithful and*

*obedient Servant*

D. BELLAMY.

Mss Harleian

BRITISH MUSEUM

# THE INTRODUCTION.

*THERE is nothing we receive with ſo much Reluctance as Advice: We look upon the Man who gives it us, as offering an Affront to our Underſtanding. We conſider the Inſtruction as an implicit Cenſure; and the Zeal which any one ſhews for our Good on ſuch an Occaſion, as a Piece of Preſumption or Impertinence.*

*FOR theſe Reaſons there is nothing ſo difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable. How many Devices have both ancient and modern Writers made uſe of to render this bitter Potion palatable? Some convey their Inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen Words; others in the moſt harmonious Numbers; ſome in Points of Wit, and others in ſhort Proverbs.*

*BUT among ſt all the different Ways of giving Counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is* FABLE, *in whatſoever Shape it appears. This Way of Inſtruction excels all others, becauſe 'tis the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject to Exception.*

*UPON reading of a* Fiction, *we are made to believe we adviſe our ſelves. We peruſe the Author for the ſake of the Story, and conſider the Precepts rather as our own Concluſions, than his Inſtructions. This oblique Manner of giving Advice is ſo inoffenſive, that we find the wiſe Men of old very often choſe to give Counſel to their Kings in* FABLE.

*THE* Moral, *in ſhort, of an* allegorical Performance, *inſinuates itſelf imperceptibly; we are taught by Surprize, and become wiſer and better unawares.*

B Cole Sculp.

# FABLE I.

## *The* Bull *and the* Maſtiff.

A *Maſtiff* (train'd to hoſtile Deeds)
Seiz'd a young *Bull*—.The *Monarch* bleeds,
And roars aloud.—Suſpend the War;
Nor dare to urge my Rage too far.—
Thy Rage, he anſwer'd, I defy;
I'm bred to conquer, or to die.—
Thy Folly then be on thy Head,
The *Monarch* cry'd, and ſtruck him dead.—
" As Education rules our Will,
" Our future Fortune's Good or Ill.

*Art*

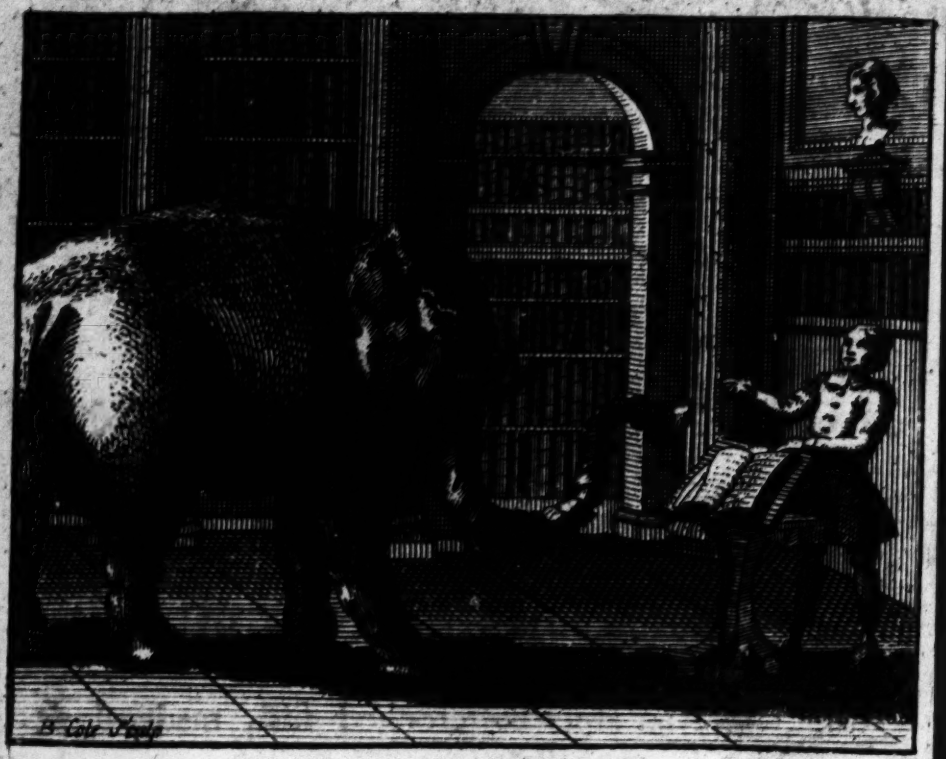
# *Art improves Nature;*

## OR, THE

# FORCE of EDUCATION.

## A SIMILE.

AS Plants whilſt tender bend which Way
you pleaſe,
And are, tho' crooked firſt, made ſtrait
with Eaſe;
Yet if thoſe Plants to their full Stature grow
Irregular, they'll break before they'll bow.
Thus YOUTH, ſet right at firſt, with Eaſe go on,
And each new Task is with new Pleaſure done;
But if neglected till they grow in Years,
And each fond Mother her dear Darling ſpares,
Error becomes habitual, and we find,
'Tis then hard Labour to reform the Mind.



# FABLE II.

## *The* Elephant *and the* Bookſeller.

AN *Elephant* in Days of Yore
(So *Pliny* ſays) on Books would pore,
Viſit the Shops, learn'd Volumes ſpread,
And make Remarks on what he read.
A *Bookſeller*, who heard him ſpeak,
And with juſt Accent mouth the *Greek*,
Addreſt him thus:—Exert your Skill
Againſt *Mankind*, I'll pay you well.—
No, Sir, let *Man* commence the Fray;
" *Envy*'s a ſharper Spur than *Pay*.

THE

# THE
# *Slander-Selling Bookſeller;*
## OR,
# MERIT creates ENVY.

CENSURE will blame, her Breath was ever ſpent,
To blaſt the Laurels of the Eminent.
Had POPE with grov'ling Numbers fill'd his Page,
DENNIS had never kindled into Rage.
'Tis the Sublime that hurts the *Critick*'s Eaſe;
Write Nonſenſe, and he reads and ſleeps in Peace.
Were PRIOR, CONGREVE, SWIFT and POPE unknown,
Poor *Slander-ſelling* CURLL would be undone.
" He who would free from Malice paſs his Days,
" Muſt live obſcure, and never merit Praiſe.

FABLE

H Cock Sculp

# FABLE III.

## *The* Miſer *and* Plutus.

THE *Miſer* ſtarts, and trembling ſtares,
Wak'd with imaginary Fears.
Soon Qualms ariſe; with anxious Pain
He thinks on his ill-gotten Gain.
For thee, he cries, accurſed Gold,
My Honour's loſt, my Virtue ſold. —
*Plutus* appears. — Why thus abus'd?
Thus curſt? thus falſly, Sir, accus'd? —
" Know, Riches on the Good beſtow'd,
' Are Bleſſings worthy of a God.

THE

# THE TORMENTS of AVARICE: OR, THE *ANXIOUS MISER.*

IF Mines of Wealth in every Field were found,
And Show'rs of ſcatter'd Gold beſtrew'd the Ground,
Thick as the Autumn Leaves, or as the Sand,
Waſh'd by the troubled Waves upon the Strand,
Countleſs as are the glitt'ring Orbs of Light,
That gild the Boſom of the ſilent Night,
Mankind would ſtill to bounteous Heav'n complain,
And ſome ungranted Wiſh would ſtill remain.—
What Walls can bound, or what compelling Rein
Th' ungovern'd Luſt of Avarice reſtrain?—
Wealth he has none, who mourns his ſcanty Store,
And midſt of Plenty ſtarves, and thinks he's poor.

FABLE

B Cole Sculp

# FABLE IV.

## *The* Painter, *who pleas'd* no Body *and* every Body.

SO like the Life a *Painter* drew,
That ev'ry Eye the Picture knew.
He flatter'd none; but to his Coſt,
Soon found his Friends and Practice loſt.--
Grown wiſe, he try'd his Art again,
Graceful as PHOEBUS drew his Men;
Like VENUS painted every *Fair*,
And *Fancy* found a Likeneſs there.
His Cuſtom grew, his Price was rais'd,
And the whole Town the Artiſt prais'd.
" The groſſeſt Flatt'ry ſooths the Mind;
" For *Self-Conceit* is ever blind.

THE

# THE MAGICK of FLATTERY; OR, THE *Agreeable Impoſition.*

NOTHING ſo much intoxicates the Brain,
As *Flattery's* ſmooth, inſinuating Bane;
She on th' unguarded Ear employs her Art,
While Vain *Self-Love* unlocks the yielding Heart;
And Reaſon oft ſubmits when both invade;
Without aſſaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's Magick Miſts ſuffuſe the Sight,
The *Don* is active, and the *Boor* polite.
Her Mirror ſhews Perfection thro' the whole,
And ne'er reflects a Wrinkle or a Mole.
Each Character in gay Confuſion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wiſe.
Nor fail her fulſom Arts to ſooth our Pride;
Tho' Praiſe to Venom turns, if wrong apply'd.

# FABLE V.

## *The* Lady *and the* Waſp.

AS Chloe with affected Air,
Sat lolling in her Eaſy-Chair,
An amorous Waſp around her flew,
Perch'd on her Lip, and ſipt the Dew.
She frowns, ſhe frets.—He makes Reply,
With Love I burn, I rage, I die.—
She ſmiles, forgives:—He claps his Wings:
But ſoon ſhe finds that Waſps have Stings.—
"Ladies, that are with Coxcombs great,
"Mourn their ill Conduct ſoon or late.

# THE FAIR INCONSTANT; OR, THE *Picture of a Coquet.*

## A RIDDLE.

THERE's a *Being* in Nature as light as a Feather,
As fickle as Wind, as inconſtant as Weather.
Now humble, then proud; now ſweet, and then ſour;
Never wears the ſame Humour, or Conduct an Hour.
'Tis a Lion, a Lamb, an Eagle, a Dove;
All Tameneſs, all Fierceneſs, all Hate, or all Love.
It can ſwear and proteſt; but its Oaths are ſo frail,
That he who relies on't, takes an Eel by the Tail.

# FABLE VI.

## *The* Hare *and many* Friends.

A *Hare*, belov'd by all the Train,
Who hunt the Wood, or graze the Plain,
Was cloſe purſu'd.—The *Horſe* ſhe met.—
Oh! Save me from impending Fate!
Excuſe me, *Puſs*, ſays he, you'll find
Many much abler Friends behind.——
To many more poor *Puſs* apply'd,
But all with Complaiſance deny'd.—
" Friendſhip, like Love, we ſeldom find
" Sincere, unleſs to *One* confin'd.

ADVER-

# ADVERSITY
## IS THE
# *Touchſtone of Friendſhip;*
## OR,
# *Friends in Need are Friends indeed.*

MEN may Reſpect and Love with eaſe pretend,
But Times of Danger only try a Friend.
No happy Man is ſure he is belov'd,
For his Admirers cannot then be prov'd.
They who dare Faith when hazardous expreſs,
And Wretches on whom Fortune frowns, careſs,
Give ample Proof their Friendſhip is not cold,
And are with Juſtice valu'd more than Gold.

FABLE

# FABLE VII.

## *The* Man *and the* Flea.

THO' Birds and Beaſts are proud and vain,
None ſo conceited are as Man.
When I ſurvey, ſays he, the Skies,
And the wide World that round me lies;
When I by Contemplation find
Heav'n all theſe Gifts for me deſign'd,
Well may I be elate with Pride. ——
No, not at all, a *Flea* reply'd.——
" Be humble, Sir, and know, we *Fleas*
" Can feed on you whene'er we pleaſe.

*Pride*

# *Pride was not made for Man;*

OR, THE

# FOLLY of AMBITION.

MUST then applauding Crowds repeat your Name?
And *Fame*'s loud Voice your mighty Deeds proclaim?
Vain Man! behold the ſpacious Realms on high,
And this ſmall Spot, where all your Glories lie,
Upheld by Wings of Air, an Atom of the Sky.
Yet e'er your *Fame* theſe narrow Bounds has croſt,
Her Voice is ſilent, and her Sound is loſt.—
Tho' all the Wreaths and Laurels were your own,
Which *Alexander* reap'd, or *Cæſar* won;
Yet know, it is your Deſtiny to die,
And with the Vulgar undiſtinguiſh'd lie.

# FABLE VIII.

## *The* Sick Man *and the* Angel.

ARE there no Hopes the *Patient* cries?—
The *Doctor* turns away, and ſighs.—
The dying *Miſer* looks aghaſt;
With Shame reviews his Actions paſt;
But thinks his *Will* may make amends,
And on his *Pious Gifts* depends.—
An *Angel* came, and frowning ſaid,
Give what thou haſt before thou'rt dead.—
Why in ſuch haſte?—I've made my *Will*.—
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.—
" Thou *Fool!* thy *Will*, thy *Hopes* are vain,
" Die and deſpair.—Thy *Heav'n* was *Gain*.

# WEALTH without CONTENT;

## OR, THE

# *Miſer's Curſe.*

THO' Wealth was pour'd, like a toll-
ing Tide,
Within the Miſer's Graſp on every
Side,
His Wiſhes ſtill would riſe too faſt to
be ſupply'd;
Tho' countleſs Rounds of Orient Pearls were ſtrung,
And down his Breaſt the coſtly Bawbles hung;
Tho' fifty Yoke of Oxen plow'd his Soil,
And the rich Glutton fatten'd on their Toil;
Yet to a Curſe are all his Bleſſings join'd,
His Days are chearleſs, and enthrall'd his Mind,
And he muſt die at laſt, and leave his Wealth
behind.

# FABLE IX.

## *The* Shepherd *and the* Philoſopher.

LONG liv'd a *Swain* in high Renown
For Wiſdom, far remote from Town;
Say, cry'd an hoary *Sage*, from whence
Thy Judgment and ſuperior Senſe?
Haſt thou with Books familiar been?
Or haſt thou ſtudied Arts, or Men?—
With modeſt Air the Swain reply'd,
*Nature* alone has been my Guide.
" Her Laws alone, if well purſu'd,
" Will make Men wiſe, as well as good.

*Nature's*

# *Nature's the beſt Guide;*

OR, THE

# HAPPY SCHOLAR.

HOW truly bleſt are they, and only they,
Who *Nature's* wiſe Inſtructions can obey!
Who within Bounds their Appetites confine,
Nor drink too deep of Pleaſure's heady Wine!
Who, free from Buſineſs too, the Leizure find,
To dreſs the little Garden of their Mind.
That grateful Tillage beſt rewards our Pains,
Sweet is the Labour, certain are the Gains.
The riſing Harveſt never mocks our Toil,
Secure of Fruit, if we manure the Soil.

# FABLE X.

## *The* Spaniel *and the* Camelion.

A *Spaniel*, very pert and gay,
Steps out to take the Air one Day;
And, as he round the Meadow flies,
On a *Camelion* caſts his Eyes.
Lord! Sir, ſays he, that Shape, that Mien,
Should no where but at Court be ſeen.——
A Courtier's Life long ſince I try'd,
Like you, I flatter'd, fawn'd and ly'd.
" But *Lying* is a ſneaking Vice,
" And the ſure Mark of Cowardice.

# THE ARTFUL SYCOPHANT; OR, THE *Picture* of a *Courtier*, Drawn by Himſelf.

SIR, I have liv'd a *Courtier* all my Days,
And ſtudy'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful Maxim ſtill,
To let my Betters always have their Will.
Nay, if my *Lord* affirm'd that *Black* was *White*,
My *Word* was this.—*Your Honour's in the right.*
Th' aſſuming *Wit*, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken *Patron* to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought,
A *Noble Fool* was never in a Fault.

FABLE

# FABLE XI.

## *The* Perſian, *the* Sun, *and the* Cloud.

AS on the Ground a PERSIAN lay
Proſtrate before the *God* of *Day*,
He pray'd.—" Bright Beam, thy Servant
" bleſs,
" And crown his Labours with Succeſs.—
With Envy ſwell'd, an impious *Cloud*
Reprov'd the *Man*, blaſphem'd the *God*.—
" Vain fleeting *Form!* the *Perſian* cry'd,
" Thy GOD adore.—Reſtrain thy Pride.—
" See! with new Beams he gilds the Skies!—
" Thus *Merit* ſhines, and *Envy* dies.

MERIT

# MERIT TRIUMPHANT;

## OR, THE

## *Fruitleſs Oppoſition.*

*ENVY* will *Merit*, as its Shade; purſue;
But like a Shadow prove the Subſtance true:
For envy'd *Wit*, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing Bodies Groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that *Sun* too powerful Beams diſplays,
It draws up Vapours which obſcure its Rays;
But ev'n thoſe Clouds at laſt adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day.

FABLE

*B. Cole Sculp.*

# FABLE XII.

## *The* Lion, *the* Tyger *and* Traveller.

A *Tyger*, in Purſuit of Prey,
Seiz'd COLIN, as he ſleeping lay;
To his Defence a *Lyon* flies,
And at his Feet the *Tyger* dies.—
" *Sire*, ſaid the *Swain*, your Rage confine,
" And to your Courage Mercy join.—
" Tho' *Tyrants* keep the World in Awe,
" And make their boundleſs Will their Law;
" Still they're the Objects of our Hate.—
" The *Prince* that's good, is only great.

*NERO*;

# NERO;

## OR, THE

# ROMAN TYRANT.

WHEN Nero, *Rome*'s Imperial Scepter ſway'd,
What Deſolation o'er her Face was ſpread!
How flam'd her lofty Tow'rs! How *Roman* Blood
Polluted *Tyber*'s Streams, and ſwell'd the Flood!
His Brother bled as freely as the reſt,
Nor ſtopp'd his Dagger at his Mother's Breaſt;
All ſtain'd and reeking with the impious Flood,
O'er her extended Coarſe the *Butcher* ſtood,
Not to bewail, but aggravate his Shame,
And in unrivall'd Crimes record his Name;
Explor'd each Limb, each hidden Beauty trac'd,
And cenſur'd ev'ry Beauty as he gaz'd.
This was majeſtick *Rome*'s Imperial Head,
This *Savage* govern'd, and the World obey'd.—
Unhappy they, whoſe Minds are prone to ill;
But 'tis a Lot far more unhappy ſtill,
When boundleſs Pow'r ſupports a boundleſs Will.

# FABLE XIII.

## *The* Universal Apparition.

AS a young *Rake* repentant ſat,
Deploring his unhappy Fate,
The *Phantom* CARE thus ſpoke.—"Be wiſe,
"And Health above thy Pleaſure prize.—
The *Youth* reforms, reſolves to find,
(His Health reſtor'd) true Peace of Mind.—
He ſeeks the *Court*, the *Camp*, the *Plain*,
To fly from CARE, but all in vain. —
"This World is like a troubled Sea;
"No State of Life's from Sorrow free.

# VIRTUE's *Addreſs* to *Hercules.*

IS there a ſenſual thing of any kind,
That can ſupply the Cravings of thy Mind?—
Wert thou poſſeſt of Birds, Beaſts, Fruits and Flow'rs,
Fountains and Gardens, Palaces and Bow'rs;
Say, doſt thou think to be exempt from *Care?*
Wouldn't that Inmate to thy Breaſt repair,
And ravage all thy boaſted Pleaſure there?
Or with thoſe Gifts were ſome Delight enjoy'd,
Wouldſt thou not ſoon be ſatisfy'd and cloy'd?
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue!
Tir'd of the Old, and eager of the New!
The New poſſeſs'd, and thy Deſires obtain'd,
Would One full Anſwer of thy Wants be gain'd?
How ſoon the Tinſel Rapture would be loſt!
The ſhort-liv'd Bliſs not worth the Pains it coſt!

B. C. Sculp

# FABLE XIV.

## *The* Mother, *the* Nurſe, *and the* Fairy.

WITH weeping Eyes a *Nurſe* ſurvey'd
Her Infant-Charge, and trembling ſaid,
A *Fairy* has my Baby ſtole,
And left behind a *perfect Fool.*—
Bleſs my dear Boy! the *Mother* cries,
The *Wench* is mad, has loſt her Eyes.—
Perch'd on the *Cradle*'s Top, a SPRITE
Spoke frowning, viſible to Sight;
" *Nurſe*, you your partial Fondneſs ſhew,
" We love our *Young* as well as *you.*

FANCY

# FANCY ſurpaſſes BEAUTY;

OR, THE

# *Partial Parent.*

GOOD God! how tender is the *Parent's* Love!
Their raviſh'd Hearts what earning Tranſports move!
All Kinds that move in Ocean, Earth, or Air,
Alike the Charms of Piety revere.
Fondly the *Savage* licks her ſhapeleſs *Young*,
And ſmooths his Ringlets with his ſcurfy Tongue.
The careful Birds bring Home the hourly Feaſt,
While unfledg'd Chirpers flicker in the Neſt.
Ev'n rav'nous Fiſh defend their helpleſs Fry,
Forewarn their Dangers, and their Wants ſupply.
Not Mother's only their young Off-ſpring prize,
Sweet as their Lives, and dearer than their Eyes;
Unreaſoning Souls the ſame Propenſions move;
Parents claim no Prerogative from Love.
One *Inſtinct* runs thro' all.——

B. Cole Sculp

# FABLE XV.

## *The* Wild-Boar *and the* Ram.

FAST to an Elm a *Lamb* was ty'd;
In Sight of all the Flock ſhe dy'd.—
See! See! the Butcher is in View,
Cry'd a *Wild-Boar!* Revenge, purſue.—
No, Sir, reply'd an ancient *Ram*,
We are by Nature mild and tame;
We have no Tusks, like you, to kill;
We bear with Patience ev'ry Ill:
" But when the Helpleſs are oppreſt,
" Their Wrongs are by the Gods redreſt.

# INJUR'D INNOCENCE;

OR

# *Patience* in *Diſtreſs.*

EXALTED *Socrates!* divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave.
Too noble for Revenge; which ſtill we find,
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind.
Degenerous Paſſion, and for Man too baſe,
It ſeats its Empire in the female Race.
There rages: And to make its Blow ſecure,
Puts Flatt'ry on, untill the Aim be ſure.

FABLE

# FABLE XVI.

## *The* Farmer *and* Jupiter.

THE *Man* to *Jove* did thus apply.
O! give me Heirs, or elſe I die!—
Three Years roll round.— Two hopeful Boys
And a young Girl, reward his Joys.—
Once more he cry'd, approve my Pray'r.—
Let 'em be wealthy, great, and fair.—
*Jove* nods Aſſent; and ſoon the firſt
Grows Rich, but is with Av'rice curſt.
The next attains the Height of Place,
But falls the Victim of Diſgrace.
The Girl is bleſt with ſparkling Eyes,
But proud, a Virgin lives and dies.
When Jove the Father's Grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him rail at Heav'n, he ſaid;—
" Seek Virtue; — And of that poſſeſt,
" Henceforth to Me reſign the reſt.

*Provi-*

# *Providence* the beſt *Director*;

## OR, THE

# ADMONITION.

RECEIVE my Counſel, and ſecurely move.—
Intruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee want:
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs they excel.—
Ah! that we lov'd our ſelves but half ſo well!
We blindly by our headſtrong Paſſions led,
Are hot for Action, and deſire to wed.
Then wiſh for Heirs:—But to the Gods alone
Our future Offspring, and our Wives are known.

B. Cole, Sculp.

# FABLE XVII.

## *The* Eagle, *and the* Aſſembly *of* Animals.

AS Jove his lower World ſurvey'd,
Strange Murmurs did his Ears invade.
The Fiſhes long'd the Plains to graze;
The Beaſts to skim along the Seas.—
He calls his Eagle.—Tell thoſe Creatures,
They have free Choice to change their Natures.—
Downwards he flies;—Proclaims aloud
His high Commiſſion to the Crowd.
They all ſtand mute.—" What! none conſent.—
" For ſhame go home, and live content.

# *Be what Nature deſign'd you;*

AND

## Shine *in your own* Sphere.

THIS Soil, in early Youth improv'd with Care,
The Seeds of gentle Science beſt will bear;
That which more Particles of Flame inſpir'd,
With glitt'ring Arms and Thirſt of Fame is fir'd.
Nothing of Greatneſs in a third will grow,
But barren as it is will bear a *Beau.*
If theſe from Nature's genial Bent depart,
In Life's dull *Farce* to play a borrow'd Part;
Should the *Sage* dreſs, and flutter in the *Mall,*
Or leave his Problems for a Birth-night Ball;
Should the rough *Homicide* unſheath his Pen,
And in *Heroicks* only murther Men;
Should the ſoft Fop forſake the Lady's Charms,
To face the Foe with inoffenſive Arms;
Each would Variety of Acts afford,
Fit for ſome new CERVANTES to record.

B Cole Sculp

# FABLE XVIII.

## *The* Peacock, *the* Turkey, *and* Gooſe.

AS at the Barn the *Peacock* ſtands,
And his gay ſplangled Plumes expands,
With Scorn the *Poultry* gaze behind,
And cenſure each ſmall Flaw they find:
Againſt his Legs, and ſcream, they rail;
Blind to the Beauties of his Tail.—
" When Envy prompts the Mind to Spleen,
" The brighteſt Charms are overſeen.

# THE ENVIOUS GOSSIP; OR, THE *MISCHIEF-MAKER.*

HER Commendations praiſe you into Shame,
And from her Mouth Diſparagement is Fame;
Diſſatisfy'd if pleas'd, ſhe feeds on Wrong,
And gath'ring Scandal grows upon her Tongue.
Thus Froth, and baneful Weeds, and floating Straws,
Whilſt the pure Stream glides on, the Whirlpool draws.
In Beauty ſhe Deformity can ſpy,
And turns all yellow with her jaundic'd Eye.

B Cole Sculp

# FABLE XIX.

## *The* Fox *at the* Point of Death.

A Feeble *Fox*, with Age decay'd,
Thus as he lay expiring ſaid.—
What would I give, my Sons, to find
In my laſt Moments Peace of Mind?
Take my Advice, loſt Fame reſtore,
Live honeſt, and offend no more.——
A *Fox* reply'd, " You preach in vain;
" Nature repell'd, recoils again.
" An innate vicious Taſte we have,
" Which we all carry to our Grave.

# THE LYBIAN MONARCH; OR Nature *will* Prevail.

THE ranging *Monarch* of the *Lybian* Plains,
Tam'd by Confinement, and ſubdu'd by Chains,
Seems all his brutal Fierceneſs to forego,
Receives the Food his Keeper's Hands beſtow,
Beholds the lifted Staff, and dreads the falling Blow.
But ſoon provok'd by Wounds, and flowing Gore,
The *Monſter* rouzes, and begins to roar;
Diſdains his Priſon, and contemns his Chain,
With native Pride diſowns his Tyrant's Reign,
Devours the Wretch, and ſeeks the ſavage Wilds again.

B Cole Sculp.

# FABLE XX.

## *The* Farmer's Wife *and the* Raven.

A *Farmer's* Wife, with penſive Care,
Rode up to Town, to ſell her Ware;
And jogging on, from a tall Oak
She heard the *Raven's* hideous Croak.—
That Sound bodes me no good, ſhe ſaid.—
Down pitch'd blind BALL upon her Head.
O'erturn'd the loaded Panniers lay,
And her maſh'd Eggs beſtrow'd the Way.—
She rail'd and curſt.—" Forbear, for ſhame,
The *Raven* cry'd.—" 'Tis you're to blame,
" Not I.—But the next time take care
" To get a ſurer-footed Mare.

# THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENTS; OR, THE Folly *of* Superſtition.

ALL Superſtition from thy Breaſt repel;
Let credulous Boys, and pratling Nurſes tell
How, if the Feſtival of PAUL be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral Horn ſhall ſtrow the Year:
How, if on *Swithin*'s Feaſt the Welkin lours,
And ev'ry Penthouſe ſtreams with haſty Show'rs,
Twice twenty Days ſhall Clouds their Fleeces drain,
And waſh the Pavement with inceſſant Rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar *Tales* debaſe thy Mind,
Nor PAUL nor *Swithin* rule the Clouds or Wind.

# FABLE XXI.

## *The* Monkey, *who had ſeen the* World.

A *Monkey*, with Ambition fir'd,
To viſit foreign Parts aſpir'd.—
He quits the Woods ; is quickly caught,
And to a *Lady*'s Chambers brought.
There all his active Pranks he plays,
And each new Poſture gains new Praiſe.
Proud with Applauſe, he breaks his Chain,
And ſeeks his native Woods again.—
Surrounded by a *Crowd*, he cries,
" Attend, I'm come to make you wiſe.—
" Dreſs ſmart, drink, whore and game, and then,
" You'll grow polite, and act like *Men*.

# THE
# *MAN* of *MODE*;
## OR
## *Sir* FOPPLING FLUTTER.

HOW happy lives the Man, how ſure to charm,
Whoſe Knot embroider'd flutters down his Arm!
On him the Ladies caſt the yielding Glance,
Sigh in his Song, and languiſh in his Dance;
While wretched is the WIT, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy Hat no ſcarlet Plumes adorn;
No broidered Flow'rs his worſted Ankle grace,
Nor Cane, emboſs'd with Gold, directs his Pace.—
No Lady's *Favour* on his Sword is hung.—
What tho' APOLLO dictate from his Tongue,
His Wit is ſpiritleſs, and void of Grace,
Who wants th' Aſſurance of Brocade and Lace.
While the gay *Fop* genteelly talks of Weather,
The Fair in Raptures doat upon his Feather.—
He dreſſes, fences:—What avails to *know*?—
For Women chuſe their Men, like Silks, for *Show*.

# FABLE XXII.

## *The* Scold *and the* Parrot.

THE Husband thus his Wife reprov'd.—
A *Termagant* will ne'er be lov'd,
Will your curſt *Clack* lie never ſtill;
That Rival to a noiſy Mill?
The *Vixen*, with a Sneer, replies.—
Husband! I vow you're wondrous wiſe!
Your *Parrot* there ſcreams all Day long,
And you approve her clam'rous Song;
But I, forſooth, muſt hold my Tongue!
Thou Coxcomb!—huſh! cries *Poll*, "for ſhame,
"Miſtreſs! indeed you're much to blame.
"Tho' moſt our harmleſs Tattle prize,
"A railing *Goſſip* all deſpiſe.

THE

# THE JEALOUS GODDESS; OR, THE IMMORTAL SCOLD.

JOVE does with Fear and Awe his Scepter hold,
For Reverence of his *Immortal Scold*.
Her Tongue outdoes his feebler Thunder's Sound,
And ſhakes ſcar'd *Nature's* univerſal Round.
His dreadful twy-fork'd Bolt not nimbler flies,
Nor Sheets of Flame wide-wafting thro' the Skies,
There is no Lightning like her Hands and Eyes.
JUNO does his illuſtrious Treſſes tear,
And throws the precious Spoils around the Air.
Hence bearded Comets through the Clouds are hurl'd,
And dreadful hairy Meteors fright the World,
Portending Battle, Murder, ev'ry Woe,
Poor ſympathetic Husbands feel below.

FABLE

# FABLE XXIII.

## *The* Gardener *and the* Hog.

A *Gard'ner*, of fantaſtic Taſte,
Thus his young Fav'rite *Hog* addreſt.—
All mine is thine: Live free from Care;
Only my coſtly *Tulips* ſpare.—
Regardleſs of his Charge, the *Beaſt*
Next Day gets drunk, and lays all waſte.—
The *Gard'ner* raves: The *Hog* ſuſtains
His heavy Blows; but tears his Veins.
" They who to Brutal Friends are kind,
" Too ſoon their fatal Error find.

The

# The DEPRAVITY of HUMAN NATURE; OR, The SIN of *INGRATITUDE.*

*INGRATITUDE!* Great Sovereign of the Earth,
From whom all Evil ſtill derives its Birth!
Vaſt is thy Empire, boundleſs is thy Sway,
And unaſſiſted Nature muſt obey.
Frail are our Memories, except in Ill,
And for good Turns receiv'd we want a Will.
What Enemies we have, on Braſs we grave,
But write our *Benefactors* on a Wave.

B Cole Sculp

# FABLE XXIV.

## Cupid, Hymen, *and* Plutus.

AS *Cupid*, the gay *God* of *Love*,
Sat working in his Mother's Grove,
*Hymen* complain'd:—You ſend ſuch Folks,
My Trade's all loſt; they break my Yokes.
If, ſays the *Boy*, thy Bands they break,
'Tis *Plutus* Fault; to *Plutus* ſpeak.—
The *God* appear'd, the Charge confeſt.—
" Virtue in *Wedded* Love's a Jeſt.——
" In every State, or Rich or Poor,
" MONEY's the GOD that all adore.

# An IDEA OF WEDLOCK, Antient *and* Modern.

IN antient Times (as Poets sing)
Love was a great, a glorious Th
A Fire celestial and refin'd
That warm'd wit
But now-a-days no Fem
Is captivated by Des
The wealthy Fool
Alone can hope
Love-Vows a
And Wedl

XXV.

ath.

ack Trains
s,
Throne

# Intemperance kills more than the Sword.

## OR, THE

# FOLLY *of* EXCESS.

THO' gay, luxurious Men their Time will waſte
The Throat to tickle, and indulge the Taſte;
Yet future Pain the lawleſs Joy begets:
A Train of Ills ſucceeds the tranſient Sweets.
While ill-tim'd Feaſts, and midnight Revels pleaſe,
Continu'd Meals improve the hid Diſeaſe;
To Poiſon turn the undigeſted Food,
And treaſure up their Ills in tainted Blood.
From cruder Meats inactive Vapours riſe,
The Spirits clog, and cloud the languid Eyes.
Ridges of Fat the manly Form diſgrace,
And bloated Veins enlarge the purpled Face.
Reaſon's weak Light from noiſom Fumes retires,
And too much Fuel choaks the ſmother'd Fires.
Men, too unwiſe, let go the ſlacken'd Rein,
But they who think, will lewd Deſires reſtrain.

B. Cole Sculp

# FABLE XXVI.

## *The* Poet *and the* Roſe.

A *Poet* once, well pleas'd, ſurvey'd
A beauteous *Roſe*, and ſighing ſaid;
To *Chloe*'s whiter Breaſt repair,
Thou'lt find more fragrant Odo'rs there;
Her Charms will thine, fair Flow'r, outvie,
And thou'lt with Envy gaze and die.
A Siſter *Roſe* ſoon Silence broke,
And frowning, thus the *Bard* beſpoke.
Tho' *Chloe*, when you ſigh, looks gay,
And throws you like a Weed away,
Why muſt we languiſh and decay?
" With Juſtice we the Man deſpiſe,
" Who by another's Fall would riſe.

THE

# THE UNREASONABLE REQUEST; OR, THE *POET* and the *ROSE*.

I.

GO, lovely *Roſe*,
Tell her that waſtes her Time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to Thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

II.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts where no Men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

III.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

IV.

Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all Things rare
May read in thee;
How ſmall a Part of Time they ſhare,
Who are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

FABLE

# FABLE XXVII.

## *The* Pin *and the* Needle.

A PIN, by various Fortune toſt,
At laſt in *Greſham-Hall* was loſt;
Well pleas'd, ſhe turn'd her round about,
And ſpy'd a ruſty *Needle* out,
Lolling at Eaſe upon a Stone.——
Up, ſays the PIN; for ſhame be gone.—
Fool, ſays the NEEDLE, you don't know
What Virtues from my *Partner* flow;
The diſtant World thro' us is known,
And both the *Indies* are our own.

*Obſcure*

# *Obſcure Merit finds but few Admirers;*

OR,

# POVERTY breeds CONTEMPT.

THE greateſt Gift that Nature does beſtow
Can't unaſſiſted to Perfection grow:
A ſcanty Fortune clips the Wings of Fame,
And checks the Progreſs of a riſing Name:
Each daſtard Virtue drags a Captive's Chain,
And moves but ſlowly, for it moves with Pain:
Domeſtic Cares ſit hard upon the Mind,
And cramp thoſe Thoughts which ſhould be unconfin'd.
The Cries of Poverty alarm the Soul,
Abate its Vigour, its Deſigns controul;
The Stings of Want inflict the Wounds of Death,
And Motion always ceaſes with the Breath.
The Love of Friends is found a languid Fire,
That glares but faintly, and will ſoon expire.
Weak is its Force, nor can its Warmth be great;
A feeble Light begets a feeble Heat.
Wealth is the Fuel that muſt feed the Flame,
It dies in Rags, and ſcarce deſerves a *Name.*

FABLE

B. Cole Sculp.

# FABLE XXVIII.

## *The* Setting Dog *and the* Partridge.

A Fowler's *Dog*, with curious Eye,
Looks round, and points the *Covey* nigh.
His treach'rous Arts a *Partridge* ſpies,
And timely warns the *Flock* to riſe;
They mount, with Murmurs fill the Skies.

Why ſhould the *Dog* purſue us ſo?
Be ſuch a ſly, ungenerous Foe?
" But *Servants*, prone to Ill, betimes
" Mimick with Pride their *Maſter*'s Crimes.

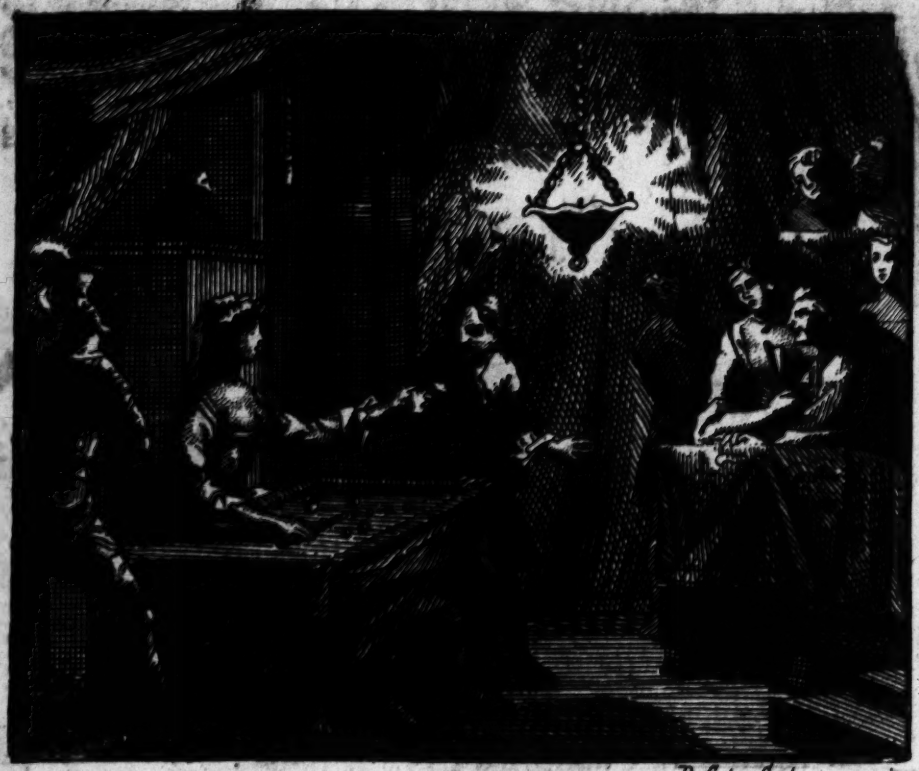
*Cuſtom*

# *Cuſtom is ſecond Nature;*

## OR, THE

# PREJUDICE of EDUCATION.

CUSTOM, the World's great *Idol* we adore,
And knowing this, we ſeek to know no more.
What Education did at firſt receive
Our ripen'd Age confirms us to believe:
The careful Nurſe and Prieſt is all we need,
To learn Opinions, and our Country's Creed.
The Parent's Precepts early are inſtill'd,
And ſpoil the *Man*, while they inſtruct the *Child*.
To what hard Fate is human Kind betray'd,
When thus implicit Faith's a Virtue made?
When Education more than Truth prevails,
And nought is current, but what Cuſtom ſeals?
Thus from the Time we firſt begin to know,
We live and learn, but ne'er the wiſer grow.



B Cole Sculp

# FABLE XXIX.

## *The* Tame Stag.

A *Stag*, caught young, and tamely bred,
Baſhful at firſt, each Creature fled;
But bolder grown, he dauntleſs ſtands,
And takes his Food from any Hands;
Whene'er repuls'd, with high Diſdain,
And levell'd Horns, he turns again:
So the coy *Maid* her Lover flies,
Or ſtands at firſt with down-caſt Eyes;
But in a while ſhe boaſts her Flame:
" For Cuſtom conquers Fear and Shame.

THE

# THE *PRECAUTION*; OR, ADVICE to the LADIES.

AVOID with Care
All close Engagements in Love's fatal War.
Tho' long uninjur'd you maintain the Fight,
You'll find your only Safety's in your Flight.
The Foe all Stratagems and Methods tries,
Who Force escape, are taken by Surprise.
On Wings of Down his treach'rous Arrows fly,
Ah! guard each Avenue, or else you die.
Trust not the slight Defence of female Pride,
Nor in your boasted Honour much confide;
In spite of all the Virtue Women boast,
The Fair-one that deliberates is lost.

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The Tame Stagg

B Cole Sculp

# FABLE XXX.

## *The* JUGGLERS.

A Thouſand Tricks a *Juggler* ſhew'd,
And each ſurpris'd th' applauding Croud.
*Vice* hears his Fame; with haughty Air,
Defies his Art, aſſumes his Chair.
This Glaſs, ſays ſhe, with Love inſpires;
Each looks, and each himſelf admires.
A thouſand Charms ſhe calls, they fly;
A thouſand Ills their Place ſupply.
The *Juggler* bluſh'd, in grief of Heart,
Acknowledg'd her ſuperior Art.

*Vice*

# *Vice is a perfect Cheat;*

OR, THE

# CHARMS of VIRTUE.

VIRTUE's ſo ſuited to our Happineſs,
That none but Fools can be in Love with Vice.
Virtue's a native Rectitude of Mind,
Vice the Degeneracy of human Kind.
Virtue is Wiſdom, Solid and Divine,
Vice is all Fool without, and Knave within.
Virtue is Honour circumſcrib'd by Grace,
Vice is made up of ev'ry thing that's baſe.
Virtue has ſecret Charms, which all Men love,
And thoſe that do not chuſe her, yet approve.
Vice, like ill Pictures, which offend the Eye,
Make thoſe that made them their own Works deny.
Virtue's the Health and Vigour of the Soul,
Vice is the foul Diſeaſe infects the Whole.
Virtue's the Friend of Life, the Soul of Health,
The poor Man's Comfort, and the rich Man's Wealth.
Virtue's a beauteous Building form'd on high,
Vice is Confuſion and Deformity.

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